

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS ·

· VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XXII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 20, 1888.

No. 9.

Two Dramas by Tennyson and Aubrey de Vere.*

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I.

I am very anxious to introduce to you a poet of whom I spoke in the lecture on Chaucer,—a poet who in many respects may be said to have inherited the mantle of Wordsworth. He was the intimate friend of that great poet; he is the friend of Tennyson and Browning; his name is a rallying word for all who believe that art may be Christian and poetic at the same time. Besides, he is acknowledged by the most careful and best equipped critics to be, in certain departments of poetry, unequalled.

If he were not so Christian, I should, nevertheless, proclaim him as a poet who deserves to rank beside Tennyson. But as he is, above all, Christian, I am very happy in pointing out to you, among a race of literary neo-pagans, the one poet who is great as a poet, true as a man, magnificent in his adherence to Divine Truth, I mean Aubrey de Vere.

His father, Sir Aubrey de Vere, was also a poet,—of more warmth than the son, but of less elevation. In the sonnet—one of the most perfect forms of poetry of which our language admits—Aubrey de Vere works with love and success. He has written several that are almost flawless, but he scarcely deserves the praises he has received for his sonnets. As Mrs. Meynell, a competent and sympathetic critic, says in a recent notice of him: "He frequently passes over the pauses which mark the relation

of the parts; and his sonnets seem to have less vigor and movement than his unfettered lyrics. Nevertheless, many of them have a beauty and loftiness of thought which make them memorable poems whatever they may be as sonnets."

But of the lyrical greatness of the "Search for Proserpine," the "Ode to the Daffodil," and "The Infant Bridal," there can be no question. Sir Henry Taylor, the author of the famous tragedy, "Philip Van Artevelde," wrote:

— "No lesser light
Than was lit in Sydney's spirit clear,
Or given to saintly Herbert's to diffuse,
Now lives in thine, De Vere."

Even Swinburne, a poet so unlike him as to seem almost antagonistic, praises him.

The other day I said to you that you might be surprised to hear me mention the names of Aubrey de Vere and Tennyson in the same breath; to-day I shall give you my reasons. It would be absurd to say that De Vere is so exquisite a poet as Tennyson. But De Vere is a *grander* poet. De Vere is too cold, too classical to sing a song like the perfect bits of music in the "Princess." De Vere has written too much; we do not care to possess all his poems; whereas we need all of Tennyson's, except the dramas. If De Vere had Tennyson's lightness and grace, his subtle excellence of diction; if Tennyson had the religious spirit of De Vere and his elevation of thought, the nineteenth century would need no other poet to make it complete.

My lecture to-day will help to prove that the best poetry in the English language owes its inspiration to the Catholic Church—which is Christianity in its highest form. I shall speak of the qualities of Tennyson and Aubrey De Vere in that great department of high poetry in which Shakspeare made his fame.

* Lecture delivered at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind., Tuesday, Oct. 16. The author has made use in this lecture of an article contributed by himself, some time ago, to *The Catholic World*.

In picturesqueness and "tender grace of a day that is dead," the "Becket" of the laureate is vastly superior to the one which, after "Alexander the Great," has made Aubrey de Vere's name glorious in the literary annals of the nineteenth century. But a great tragedy on a subject which is what the Germans call "epoch-making" demands higher qualities than picturesqueness and that nameless grace and delicacy so essentially Tennysonian. It needs even higher qualities than the contrast of marked characters, pointed epigrams, or the fine play of poetic fancy. Lord Tennyson's "Becket" has all the lower qualities, Aubrey de Vere's "St. Thomas of Canterbury" all the higher. An oak is not more of an oak because the sward around is starred by violets and all the blooms of spring; and Aubrey de Vere's "St. Thomas" would not be a greater tragedy if it had the exquisite touches which the most delicate master of poetic technique the world has ever seen gives to his.

Tennyson's tragedy is meant to be an acting play, and it barely fails of being one; De Vere's is, frankly, a drama for the closet. Perhaps the lack of nobleness in Tennyson's is due to the necessity he felt of making it fit the arbitrary refinements of the stage. The episode of Fair Rosamond, which is an offence against historical truth, good art, and taste, would probably never have been introduced had the laureate not been required to give a leading dramatic lady something to do. Still, writers impregnated with the traditions of the Reformation are always crying: "*Cherchez la femme*." If a man is holy and there is no disputing the fact, they construct a romance with a woman in it to account for his renunciations, and *vice versa*. Ten to one, if Tennyson is ever seized with the idea of putting the Blessed Thomas More into a tragedy, he will show to us the great chancellor dying, not as a martyr to religion, but as a martyr to human love. He has ruined a magnificent *persona* by making him, on the eve of his sublime death for the Church and freedom, drivel of what he might have gained had he married. In the monastery at Canterbury, just before the bell rings that calls him to his doom, he sighs lackadaisically:

"There was a little fair-haired Norman maid
Lived in my mother's house: if Rosamond is
The world's rose, as her name imports her—she
Was the world's lily.

JOHN OF SALISBURY:

"Ay, and what of her?"

BECKET:

"She died of leprosy.

JOHN OF SALISBURY:

"I know not why
You call these old things back, my lord.

BECKET:

"The drowning man, they say, remembers all
The chances of his life, just ere he dies."

Possibly this discord may not strike the audience which, in "Queen Mary," "Harold," and "Becket," Tennyson addresses himself to. But to a Catholic it is fatal to whatever harmony he might have found in the tragedy. Surely the poet who gave us a type of purity in Sir Galahad, and of chaste elevation in King Arthur, might have better understood the character of the martyred successor of St. Anselm. It is impossible to approach the climax, or rather anti-climax, of Tennyson's play without impatience and irritation. If

"To be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain,"

the discovery that a true poet has misunderstood a grand character and frittered away a sublime opportunity is an incentive, too, to a helpless and hopeless sort of anger.

II.

In Aubrey de Vere's "St. Thomas" there is no anti-climax, no disappointment. We miss sometimes the flowers that might grow around the foot of the oak, but the oak towers majestic. "St. Thomas" possesses what many of us thought lacking in the less ambitious poems of an author who has given out much light without heat—sustained intensity of passion. Added to this, Aubrey de Vere thoroughly understands the historical meaning of St. Thomas' time and the relations of the great chancellor and primate to that time. Of these the laureate seems to be in the densest ignorance. If in "Queen Mary" he drew his facts from Froude, and in "Harold" from Bulwer-Lytton, he appears in "Becket" to have depended on his own inner consciousness for his "history." He has, in the most important particulars, ignored the authentic chronicles of his time.

It was, indeed, an "epoch-making" time, and one worthy of a grand commemoration in an immortal poem. England owes her liberty to the Church; and, more than all, to St. Anselm and St. Thomas, because they first withstood the advancing waves of royal despotism. And the freedom of the Church was the freedom of the people. St. Anselm put into the "Marianne" the echoes of the wails of the Saxon people, beaten down by Norman conquerors who would have been utter brutes—for the Berserker spirit

was strong in them—were it not for the influence of the Church. The Saxons saw their priests made powerless, their Church enslaved, and themselves in hopeless serfdom—more crushing even than the slavery which Ireland endured from the same hands—when suddenly that Church which knows no nationality, which fuses all nations into one, asserted her might in the persons of two primates; one of the conquering race, the other of the foreigner's court. The position of St. Thomas à Becket has been misinterpreted so utterly that he is often set down as an ambitious revolutionist who tried, in the interests of ecclesiastical tyranny, to dominate both king and people. In truth, the Archbishop of Canterbury struggled for old English laws against new ones devised by the Normans to rivet more closely the fetters of serfdom on the Saxon people.

It has been made a reproach against St. Thomas that he resisted the "Royal Customs," that he figured as a haughty prince of the Church scorning the pretensions of the Plantagenet, and that he died a martyr to his obstinate desire to crush even royal freedom, that he and his monks might triumph. This view is founded on a misconception of the nature of the royal Customs. They were not old Customs, but innovations invented by the conquerors for their autocratic purposes. Aubrey de Vere puts into Becket's mouth this description of these famous Customs. The Earl of Cornwall says:

"You serve the king
Who stirred these wars? who spurned the Royal Customs?"

BECKET:

'The Customs—ay, the Customs? We have reached
At last—'twas time—the inmost of this plot,
Till now so deftly veiled and ambushed. 'Customs!'
O specious word, how plausibly abused!
In Catholic ears that word is venerable;
To Catholic souls custom is law itself,
Law that its own foot hears not, dumbly treading
A holy path smoothed by traditions old.
I war not, sirs, on way traditionary;
The Church of Christ herself is a tradition;
Ay, 'tis God's tradition, not of men!
Sir, these your Customs are God's laws reversed,
Traditions making void the Word of God,
Old innovations from the first withstood,
The rights of holy Church, the poor man's portion,
Sold, and for naught, to aliens. Customs! Customs!
Custom was that which to the lord of the soil
Yielded the virgin one day wedded! Customs!
A century they have lived; but he ne'er lived,
The man that knew their number or their scope,
Where found, by whom begotten, or how named:
Like malefactors long they hid in holes;
They walked in mystery like the noontide pest;
In the air they danced; they hung on breath of princes,
Largest when princes' lives were most unclean,

And visible most when rankest was the mist.
Sirs, I defy your Customs: they are nought:
I turn from them to our old English laws,
The Confessor's and those who went before him,
The charters old, and sacred oaths of kings:
I clasp the tables twain of Sinai;
On them I lay my palms, my heart, my forehead,
And on the altars dyed by martyrs' blood,
Making to God appeal."

These were the Customs that St. Thomas resisted to the death. In this speech, so full of dignity and fire, Aubrey de Vere has distorted no facts for the sake of effect. Indeed, throughout the whole of his work he departs in nothing, except in the episode of Idonea de Lisle, the ward of Becket's sister, from the chronicled truth. Idonea, a rich heiress, pursued by the ruffianly knight De Broc, who "roamed a-preying on the race of men," took refuge with Becket's sister and was protected by the power of the primate. De Broc gained the king's ear, and, "on some pretence of law," drove Idonea from the house of Becket's sister. De Broc and his friends sued for her as a royal ward:

"Judgment against her went. The day had come,
And round the minster knights and nobles watched:
The chimes rang out at noon: then from the gate
Becket walked forth, the maiden by his side:
Ay, but her garb conventual showed the nun!
They frowned, but dared no more."

The feminine interest, to give which to his tragedy Tennyson invented a new version of the legend of Fair Rosamond, is supplied by Aubrey de Vere in this very fitting episode of Idonea. It is artistic and congruous. Idonea is exiled from England when the king's wrath bursts on all the relatives, friends, and dependants of A Becket; she finds refuge with the Empress Matilda, mother of the king. Then occurs a scene between the empress and the novice which for spiritual as well as intellectual elevation has seldom been equalled.

One would think that it would have been easy to give the necessary feminine element to "Becket" by the use of an underplot; but Tennyson has preferred to bring the king's mistress, a "light o' love," Fair Rosamond, into intimate association with the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose chastity, even before he took orders, amid all the temptations of a court presided over by a loose-minded Provençal queen was proverbial. Fair Rosamond is rehabilitated for the purpose of the laureate. She is made to be, in her own eyes, the lawful wife of King Henry, and the chancellor—not yet made primate—promises the king to protect her against the vengeance of Queen Eleanor. Becket, having become primate and gained the hatred of the

king, does so; and, in a dagger-scene quite worthy of a sensational play, saves her from Eleanor's fury. After that he induces her to leave her son and begin a novitiate in Godstow convent, from which she emerges, with the countenance of the abbess, disguised as a monk. She is thus present at the murder of the archbishop, and her presence excites that tender retrospection so in keeping with theatrical traditions, but so shockingly contrary to the martyr's character and the truth of history. It is here that Becket says, according to Tennyson:

"Dan John, how much we lose, we celibates,
Lacking the love of woman and of child!"

John of Salisbury seeks to give the archbishop consolation for his supposed loss, in a most ungallant and pessimistic tone smacking somewhat of "sour grapes":

"More gain than loss; for of your wives you shall
Find one a slut, whose fairest linen seems
Foul as her dust-cloth, if she used it; one
So charged with tongue, that every thread of thought
Is broken ere it joins—a shrew to boot,
Whose evil song far on into the night
Thrills to the topmost tile—no hope but death;
One slow, fat, white, a burthen of the hearth;
And one that, being thwarted, ever swoons
And weeps herself into the place of power.

This is hardly the way in which a sturdy and ascetic priest and counsellor would talk to an archbishop who, almost at the moment of martyrdom, would begin to look back at "lost chances" of love and matrimony. These touches of false sentiment show how impossible it is for Tennyson to comprehend a priest of the Church. How different, but how true, is the note struck by Aubrey de Vere! Becket has been just made primate, and he bursts into the splendid speech to Herbert of Bosham:

"Herbert! my Herbert!
High visions, mine in youth, upbraid me now;
I dreamed of sanctities redeemed from shame;
Abuses crushed; all sacred offices
Reserved for spotless hands. Again I see them;
I see God's realm so bright, each English home
Sharing that glory basks amid its peace:
I see the clear flame on the poor man's hearth
From God's own altar lit; the angelic childhood;
The chaste, strong youth; the reverence of white
hairs:
'Tis this Religion means. O Herbert! Herbert!
We must secure her this. Her rights, the lowest
Shall in my hand be safe. I will not suffer
The pettiest stone in castle, grange, or mill,
The humblest clod of English earth, one time
A fief of my great mother, Canterbury,
To rest caitiff's booty. Herbert, Herbert,
Had I foreseen, with what a vigilant care
Had I built up my soul!"

His pupil, young Prince Henry, is heard sing-

ing without, and he says, in contrast to the whines put into his mouth by Tennyson:

"Hark to that truant's song! We celibates
Are strangely captured by this love of children:
Nature's revenge—say, rather compensation."

Catholics whose childhood has been passed among religious will recognize the truth of this, as well as the falseness of Tennyson's point of view. Exiled in the Abbey of Pontigny, after the king has poured his wrath on him and his kindred for defending the liberties of the Church and the people, he does not break out into wild regret or sentimental sighs. There is manly tenderness in his tone to the abbot:

"My mother, when I went to Paris first,
A slender scholar bound on quest of learning,
Girdling my gown collegiate, wept full sore,
Then laid on me this hest: both early and late
To love Christ's Mother and the poor of Christ.
That so her prayer in heaven and theirs on earth,
Beside me moving as I walked its streets,
Might shield me from its sins."

ABBOT:

"Men say your mother
Loved the poor well, and still on festivals,
Laying her growing babe in counter-scale,
Heaped up an equal weight of clothes and food,
Which unto them she gave."

It would be necessary to apologize for giving many quotations, tempting as their beauty is, were it not for the fact that mere allusion to them would not suffice. It is regrettable that among Catholics—and the present writer speaks from observation—Tennyson's "Becket," printed in 1884, is better known than De Vere's "St. Thomas," an American edition of which appeared in 1876.

Aubrey de Vere's conception of the motives of the martyred primate is worthy of a Catholic poet. Tennyson grasps only faintly the Christianity of A Becket. It does not come home to him, it does not touch him, because in his experience he has never come in contact with the inner life of a devout priest, and therefore his imagination is not equal to the task of evolving one. Of the real meaning of asceticism he is entirely ignorant. The pride and the impatience of his Becket is only equalled by the self-conceit of his St. Simon Stylites.

In the dialogue between the abbot of Pontigny and the exiled archbishop, just quoted, there is an example of Catholic belief which, like sustaining gold threads in a tissue of silk, runs through the wonderful tragedy of De Vere's. The chancellor is made the primate; he becomes less gay, less worldly, more given to the building-up of his soul and his mind, and more spiritual. He

almost alone, stands up for the Church and the people. Time-serving court bishops cower; the very court of Rome—but not the Church—seems to desert him. The pope himself sends him the habit of the monks of Pontigny, with the cowl filled with snow—"the pope knows well some heads are hot." The archbishop endures it all with the meekness of a saint, yet with the dignity of a man. Through all trials, up to the time of martyrdom, he seems marked for special grace. He is not singularly learned, for the practical duties of the kingdom have left him little time for study. And yet he is well equipped with fortitude and his hope never falters. Why? We are answered: because his mother has loved God and the poor, and because he so loves Christ's poor, following her behest. This essentially Catholic point is accentuated most sharply and artistically by the author.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

The French Drama.

III.

THE "POLYEUCTE" OF CORNEILLE.

In our last paper we presented a synopsis of "The Cid" mostly by quotations, as the best means to give an idea of that masterpiece. But evidently it would be too tedious to follow the same method in analyzing the other plays of Corneille. Forced as we are by our plan to glance rapidly over the greater part of his works, we deem it instructive and interesting to examine more closely the celebrated tragedies of "Cinna" and "Polyeucte." In this analysis we can see the genius of the great poet under various aspects, and, at the same time, note the evidences of inspiration, strength and grandeur. "The Cid" showed us human love in all its attractive force; "Cinna" will reveal to us the deepest designs and artifices of the shrewd politician; whilst in "Polyeucte" we may admire the most sublime inspirations of Christian martyrdom. Love, politics and religion form, indeed, the great trilogy of the human heart.

The French Academy had paid an indirect tribute of praise to the author of "The Cid" when it declared—perhaps to please the envious Richelieu—that the subject of the play was ill-chosen. More perfidious enemies had asserted that most of its beauties were not original with Corneille, but belonged to Guilhem de Castro. Wounded in his pardonable pride by this reproach rather than by the verdict of the Academy, Corneille, greatly encouraged by his previous success, sought in history a subject-mat-

ter in the depicting of which his creative genius would assert itself beyond all danger of cavil. He found his subject in the combat between the Horatii and Curiatii, as related by Livy. The old man Horatius was a remarkable type of the manly character of the early Romans at a time when their energetic virtues, sheltered only by thatched huts, gave to their new-born city its indomitable strength. In "Cinna, or The Clemency of Augustus," he recalls from the blood of civil wars and the ruins of revolution the same intrepid Romans; and when we meet the offspring of Cato and Brutus, dwelling in palaces of marble and gold, we recognize them still, notwithstanding their surroundings of luxury and corruption.

"Cinna," generally speaking, is looked upon as the most regular play and most perfect tragedy ever written by Corneille. This would also be our opinion if sublimity of thought, tenderness of sentiment and brilliancy of style were the sole merits of dramatic composition. But as "Cinna" excites in our minds a less profound emotion, and consists of most eloquent discourses rather than lively and stirring situations, we are forced to prefer "The Cid" and "Polyeucte," on account of their admirable plots, and the ever-increasing effect of their heroic action. Yet we must remark that the genius of Corneille succeeded in drawing from a fragment of Seneca on "Clemency" many beauties of the highest order.

"Cinna" is truly an eternal lesson and most convincing example for kings, politicians and ambitious men: it is the stern teaching of history embodied in the expressive style of eloquence and poetry. In each scene they may read, if they have eyes to see, the deepest and most useful counsels; and even though they should be blind and stubborn; even though that grand spectacle of their crimes and virtues were not calculated to instruct rulers and remind them of their duties, yet the people who witness it with horror or delight, cannot fail to learn something sound and practical from a description, so graphically presented, of the constant admixture of human achievements and weakness. At least the people should see at what cost the potentates of the earth, whose lot is too often an object of envy, purchase the right to rule over and command other men for their welfare, and at times for their ruin, and then they would find their consolation and their happiness in their humble condition, in their freedom from the desire of power or the remorse of disappointed ambition.

After "The Cid" and "Cinna," the genius of

Corneille, having reached, as it were, the summit of dramatic perfection, could not rise to a higher plane; more than that, it required a great effort to stand firmly at the top of such a height of glory. One year after "*Cinna*," "*Polyeucte*" was published.

The question may be asked whether it is unbecoming, or too bold, to represent on the stage some of the events sacred to Christianity, or to make a Christian martyr the hero of a profane tragedy. First, we should bear in mind that this question is put by those extreme minds, the "Jansenists" of criticism, who assert without proving that the theatre is in itself the school of impiety and immorality. And these same men, in the name of piety, object to have anything that relates to the Christian religion represented on the stage. Now we emphatically declare that such heroic examples as those of the early martyrs, Peter and Paul, Agnes and Cecilia, Maurice and Sebastian, are rather calculated to inspire the spectators with fortitude and purity, and at all events excite in their souls feelings of pity and admiration. Can it be wrong to dramatize subjects of the same kind as "*Fabiola*" and "*Callista*," when two distinguished cardinals of the Church have made of them the successful themes of two most touching and edifying novels? Corneille did not think so, and other poets before him had attempted it with a success in proportion to their literary abilities.

Still, it was a sentiment rather religious than artistic which caused the tragedy of "*Polyeucte*" to be condemned by the over-nice *coterie* of Hôtel Rambouillet, even before the poet had submitted his work to the judgment of public opinion. Besides the ingenious Voiture was deputed to dissuade Corneille from giving his play to the theatre, saying that failure was inevitable. The over-zealous critic did not think that the tribunal of "*Les Précieuses*," over which he presided, could ever pass a wrong sentence; but a poor, illiterate comedian was of a contrary opinion, and, fortunately, Corneille trusted the ignorant actor and the instinct of his genius. We know that no poet ever acknowledged more frankly than Corneille the defects of his plays, and this sincerity must lead us to believe that he is not wrong when praising, with child-like simplicity, some parts of his works.

"*Polyeucte*," he says, "lived in the year 250 under the Emperor Decius; an Armenian by birth, a friend of Neander and son-in-law of Felix, who had been commissioned by the emperor himself to enforce the edicts against the Christians. His friend's example and influence

converted him to Christianity, and, actuated by zeal, he tore to pieces the edict, snatched the idols from the hands of the pagans, broke them on the ground, resisted the tears of his wife Pauline, whom Felix had sent to him to bring him back to the national worship, and lost his life by order of his father-in-law, without receiving any other baptism than that of his blood. This is all that I borrowed from history: the rest is my invention."

That rest is the tragedy itself; for a death, however tragic it may be, does not constitute a drama. There must be an action, a plot to prepare and bring about the catastrophe; moreover, there must be a struggle of passions, a moral combat in the soul of the chief personages; finally, and above all, we expect situations by which the march of the drama is at times delayed, and at times hastened, in order that the interest of the spectators may be sustained until the denouement is reached. All these conditions are to be found in "*Polyeucte*."

Felix is governor of Armenia, and his high office does not permit him to consent to the union of his daughter Pauline with a young Roman, Severus, who is poor and of obscure birth. Their mutual love cannot move him, and Severus, in a fit of despair, leaves with the army, fully determined to die. Soon the news is spread that he has been killed in saving the life of the emperor. Pauline, on the other hand, who has accompanied her father to Armenia, inspires a violent love in Polyeucte, the leader of the nobility, who asks for her hand and obtains it from Felix. For fifteen days she has been Polyeucte's wife. She herself informs us of the fact, and at the same time relates a dream in which she saw her husband thrown by the Christians to the feet of her former lover and slain by the hand of her father. She has just confessed that the remembrance of Severus is not quite extinguished in her heart, when Felix declares to her that Severus is not dead, but has become the emperor's favorite, and is returning under pretext of sacrificing to the gods, but in reality to ask for her hand. We may easily realize the grief of Severus when he hears that Pauline is married. She herself confirms the truth of this misfortune; and, without concealing her love, commands him to leave her, for she is determined to remain true to her duty. Meanwhile the people are moving to the temple, and everything is ready for the sacrifice. There also stands Polyeucte, who has just been baptized, and full of the zeal inspired by his new belief, accompanied thither his friend Nearchus. There, in the presence of Severus and Felix, the two friends insult the

gods of Rome and overthrow the statue of Jupiter, confessing openly their faith in the God of the Christians. Felix immediately orders the punishment of Nearchus, and Polyeucte will soon meet the same fate, unless he be willing to ask pardon for his sacrilege. The death of Nearchus only excites the enthusiasm of Polyeucte, and when Pauline calls on him in prison, endeavoring to bring him back to the worship of the gods, he answers:

"I owe my life to the country, to the prince, to his crown; but I owe it still more to God my Creator. If to die for one's sovereign is a glorious fate, what glory shall it not be to die for one's God!

"What God?"

"Speak low, Pauline, He hears your words. He is not a God like your frivolous gods: He is the God of Christians—your God and my God. For heaven and earth know no other Maker and Lord."

But when Pauline attempts to remind him of the love sworn to her, which he betrays in dying, Polyeucte, moved but not shaken, appeals to God Himself, exclaiming:

"O Lord! may Thy bounty shine upon her fair soul! She has too much virtue not to be a Christian. Her heart is too loving, too noble her character, to remain deaf and blind at the call of Thy grace, and die a reprobate, although born a pagan."

And here begins between husband and wife a sublime dialogue in which the two admirable characters present themselves in a most striking contrast, as for instance these lines so expressive in their terse simplicity:

"Give up thy fancy and love me!"

"I do love thee, much less than my God, but much more than myself."

"In the name of that love, do not abandon me!"

"In the name of that love, follow my steps."

"Is it not enough to leave me; wilt thou seduce me?"

"'Tis not enough to go to heaven: I want to bring thee thither."

These are lines that belong to Corneille alone. No poet, ancient or modern, Shakspeare excepted, had the secret of including such great thoughts in so few words. The poet has reached the sublime heights of expression and feeling, as he first succeeded in creating a superhuman situation, and words seem to come of themselves to build up his verses.

But let us go on to the end of the play. Polyeucte has asked to interview Severus. What does he want from the man by whom he knows that Pauline is loved? Christian abnegation cannot go farther: determined as he is to die, he wishes that his death should become, as it were, the bond of those two loving hearts:

"Thou art worthy of her, she is worthy of thee."

And when this self-sacrifice has been cheerfully accomplished Polyeucte, would exclaim:

"Now let us go and die: this is my last desire!"

What will Pauline and Severus do? The death of Polyeucte together with a mutual inclination would soon permit them to live in happiness. But no! Pauline, wholly occupied with her conjugal duty, feels that she loves Polyeucte alone, and comes to ask Severus to save one whom he should naturally hate:

"Preserve a rival of whom thou art jealous: this shall be a virtue worthy of thy big heart."

Thus she speaks, and Severus, no less generous than noble Pauline, asks Felix to pardon Polyeucte. But the former, not believing that Severus can possibly be in earnest, and fearing, moreover, in his cowardly ambition lest, if Polyeucte die, Pauline should become the wife of an obscure knight, refuses to grant the petition. Accordingly, notwithstanding Severus' entreaties and his own daughter's tears, he repeats the order to put Polyeucte to death, unless he consents to renounce the Christian faith. In vain does Pauline attempt again to persuade her husband: all her prayers serve only to strengthen his heroic resolution. We will give our readers an idea of that unique situation:

"I adore but one God, Creator of the world, under whose law tremble angels, men and devils; a God, who, loving us with a love infinite, feared not for our sake an ignominious death; and, O sublime effort of divine charity! for us every day is slain and sacrificed. But why should now my voice resound to your deaf ears? Behold the blind error which you try to defend: those gods of yours are stained with most horrible crimes; the greatest criminals have their models on high . . . I have profaned their temple and broken their altars. This again I would do with redoubled delight; yes, in your eyes, Felix, and in sight of Severus; nay, in spite of the senate, in spite of the emperor."

"My bounty must now yield to just vengeance. Adore them or die."

"I am a Christian!"

"Fool! Adore them, I say, or thy life is forfeited."

"I am a Christian!"

"What? O heart too obstinate! Soldiers, take him away; execute my orders."

"Where do you conduct him?"

"To death."

"No, to glory! Farewell, too, dear Pauline, and try to forget me!"

Pauline, indeed, follows the martyr to the end; sees him stretched on the rack, and baptized, so to speak, in her husband's blood, she exclaims:

"I see, I know, I believe; my delusion is gone!"

She becomes a Christian. Her miraculous conversion moves Felix; her father, who gives up political affairs and human ambition; while the last words spoken by Severus intimate that he also will follow their example.

We do not know of any play more dramatically ideal than that of "Polyeucte." Everything therein is noble, great and worthy of the

religion which gave the subject. Certainly, if Corneille had only the genius of a poet, without the faith of a Christian, he could never conceive, still less actualize, such lofty characters as those which constitute the plot, and so beautifully contribute to the action of "Polyeucte." Hence, among all the masterpieces of the French theatre, this tragedy is, more than any other, free from imitation. Therein Corneille shows himself wholly original without drawing the least inspiration from either ancient or modern literature; and we do not hesitate to consider "Polyeucte" as the genuine type of the French character, representing as he does the heroic alliance of generous chivalry with the burning zeal of a neophyte.

Corneille was scarcely thirty-six years old, and had already given to the theatre four immortal works—"The Cid," "Horace," "Cinna" and "Polyeucte." Having reached the summit of glory, he was either to stop or to go down. He chose to write on, although feeling that he would necessarily be inferior to himself. Wishing to avoid certain negligences of style that had been noticed and criticised in "Polyeucte," and imagining that his diction had been too simple and familiar, he was anxious to prove that his thoughts had lost nothing of their energy nor his verse of its majesty. He took "The death of Pompey" from Lucanus, and blindly imitating his model fell into bombast and exaggeration, when attempting to represent the great triumph of Julius Cæsar. This tragedy, however, is still a deep and beautiful work through which at times shines the whole genius of Corneille. It shows that his inexhaustible mind could display great versatility without losing its strength. We find another proof of this in the play of "Le Menteur," which he borrowed from Lope de Vega and elevated to the dignity of a comedy of character, creating thereby a revolution in the French theatre, or rather the genuine French comedy.

Time and space prevent us from giving even an idea of the other dramas composed by Corneille. Let it suffice to say that in "Theodore," a heroic virgin and martyr, he fell from the height which he had reached in "Polyeucte," but rose again in "Rodogune," which would be his best work, were the first four acts worthy of the fifth, which is the most tragical he ever conceived. After trying in "Andromède" to create the French opera, he wrote "Nicomède," but confesses himself that "for a man who had composed forty thousand lines it was hard to find something new without running the risk of going astray." Later on, he produced "Pertar-

ite," "Attila and Agesilas," the last efforts of his dying Muse.

Such was the end of that god-like poet, who, after soaring like an eagle to the highest regions of an admiration more than human, gave to his century the sad spectacle of a broken voice and failing spirit in the melancholy mist of advanced old age. As the sun before setting leaves behind a few dim rays of pallid light so, too, before bidding adieu to his age, the venerable poet tried, but without success, the subject of "Berenice." But another star had risen on the horizon of dramatic poetry: already the gentle genius of Racine had begun to shed upon France the lustre of its harmony. Corneille died at the age of seventy-eight, and so poor that, had not money been sent by the king, want and misery would have embittered the last days of the Father of the French theatre.

Corneille by right belongs to the ranks of Homer, Dante and Shakspeare. His ideas are vast and bold; his coloring warmer than brilliant; his sentiments noble and pure rather than elegant and refined; his style terse, cutting and pithy. Might we not venture to say that Corneille reminds us of those gigantic trees which in primeval forests seem to touch the sky? Their trunks are adorned only at the top with mighty, rugged branches and dark foliage, while their enormous roots plunge in the depths of the earth. An abundant sap circulates throughout the body, but the tree affords no shelter, no shade, no blossom. They bear early fruit, and on their half-naked bark live a long time; but even after the blasts of fall have carried away their leaves, on their bold foreheads they still send forth a few green living boughs. When about to decay and die, they resemble by their mournful creakings that solitary oak loaded with armors to which Lucanus compared Pompey.

On the Island of St. Helena, Napoléon exclaimed:

"Had Corneille lived in my time, I would have made a prince of him."

The prince Corneille! . . . What glory! Louis XIV was wiser in leaving him what he was—a poet; and posterity shall ever speak of the great Corneille under Louis the Great.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It is the little learning, the narrow culture, that is carping and censorious, and mistakes fault-finding for criticism. The highest and most liberal culture is generous and believing.—*Ex.*

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Notre Dame, October 20, 1888.

The Seminary.

We are pleased to announce that the Faculty of Theology in the University will shortly be strengthened by the addition to its ranks of an eminent professor from Rome. For some time past, negotiations have been in progress with a view to secure the services of this distinguished theologian, and a cablegram received yesterday (Friday) conveyed the information that they had been successful. To His Grace Mgr. Jacobini, Archbishop of Tyre, and Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, a great friend of Notre Dame, the Institution is indebted for this signal favor.

The Bruté Memorial Hall.

The monument, long projected by the Very Rev. E. Sorin, Superior-General, C. S. C., to the pioneer missionaries—Bishop Bruté, Fathers De Seille, Petit and Badin, has at length taken form. It is now designed to erect a grand hall to be known as the Bruté Memorial Hall. It will consist of several departments named after each of the distinguished ecclesiastics mentioned. In connection with the hall proper will be erected a fine astronomical observatory which will be known as the Badin Observatory. Frescos illustrating scenes of the lives of the illustrious missionaries will adorn the wall and ceilings of the various rooms. The building will serve as a depository for the collection now in Bishops' Memorial Hall as also for a library and general reading-room. It is the intention of the authorities to make it one of the finest, as it will certainly be the most interesting building on the premises. The architect has already been engaged to draw plans, and we hope at a very early day to have the pleasure of presenting to our readers an engraving of what will, undoubtedly, be one of the noblest monuments of Catholic zeal and devotedness to be found anywhere in the land. The building will be begun at an early date, and located south of Science Hall. It will be thoroughly fire-proof, and made large enough to meet all the demands for space for many years to come.

Celebration of Founder's Day.

The annual celebration of the patronal feast of Very Rev. Father General Sorin, C. S. C., Founder of Notre Dame, began at 4.30 o'clock, last Friday afternoon, with appropriate exercises in Washington Hall. The entrance of the venerable Founder, accompanied by Very Rev. Father Granger and Very Rev. Father Corby, Provincial, C. S. C., Rev. President Walsh, and other officers of the University and members of the Faculty, was the signal for loud applause from the large audience; while the University Orchestra, under the able direction of Prof. Liscombe, rendered a fine selection, entitled "Welcome," in a very artistic manner. This was followed by a grand chorus—"Oh, Hail us, ye Free"—by the Choral Union, composed of Seniors and Juniors, accompanied by Prof. Liscombe on the piano. They were compelled to respond to an *encore*. The greeting from the Seniors to Father Sorin was then read by Mr. P. Burke, '89, who gave due expression to the sentiments of esteem and affection which the students entertain for the venerable Founder.

A quartette, composed of Messrs. F. Jewett, W. Roberts, R. Sullivan, and W. Lahey, rendered "There is Music in the Air." Receiving an enthusiastic *encore*, the quartette responded with a farewell song. This was one of the best performances of the evening. Master Willie McPhee next read, in a clear voice, the address the Junior department.

The duet, "The Pilot Brave," sung by Messrs. H. Greeneman and H. L. Smith, was rendered in a very creditable manner by the young gentlemen. The outburst of applause with which the piece was received testified to the appreciation of the audience, and the singers were recalled upon the stage.

The Minims' address was given by three representative Princes: Masters B. Bates, James O'Neill and C. Franche. After the address, Master Charles McPhee, in behalf of the Minims, presented their beloved patron with a beautiful basket of flowers. Master James McIntosh, the favorite declaimer of the Junior department, recited "The Angels of Buena Vista," in his usual impressive manner.

After an overture by the Orchestra, the curtain rose upon the senate chamber scene taken from the play of "Damon and Pythias." The part of the cruel, crafty and scheming "Dionysius" was unusually well taken by Mr. Philip V.D. Brownson. The rôle of "Damon" was assumed by Mr. Robert C. Newton, who feelingly portrayed the patriotic emotions which filled the

breast of a lover of his country's liberty. Mr. Ray Pollock as "Philistius," Mr. P. J. Burke as "Damocles," and Mr. Arthur Leonard as "Procles," did well; while the dignity of the senatorial toga sat gracefully upon the shoulders of Messrs. J. Hepburn, E. Brookfield, B. Sawkins and others.

On the conclusion of the programme, Father General arose, and, in a few well-chosen words, thanked those who had taken part in the exercises, and had endeavored to make the time so pleasant for him. He then called upon Prof. Maurice F. Egan who, after extending the congratulations of all to the venerable Founder of Notre Dame upon the happy occasion of his feast day, in behalf of the audience added a few words of praise for the laudable efforts of those participating in the programme.

The exercises of the day itself,

SATURDAY THE 13TH,

were fittingly opened with solemn High Mass in the college church, celebrated at eight o'clock by the Very Rev. Superior-General, assisted by Rev. President Walsh and Rev. Father Morrissey as deacon and subdeacon. The rich, clear tones of the venerable Founder, as they penetrated throughout and filled every part of the vast edifice, gave joyful evidence to the assembled throng of the heaven-blessed health and strength with which he is endowed, and incited many a prayer that it may continue so for long years to come. The music of the Mass was well rendered by the college choir under the direction of Prof. Liscombe.

After Mass, the members of the University Faculty waited upon the Very Rev. Father General and presented their congratulations upon the recurrence of the happy festival. They were represented by Prof. Ewing, who delivered an eloquent and appropriate address, to which a feeling response was made by the venerable Superior.

At eleven o'clock visitors, students and all gathered on the banks of St. Joseph's Lake to witness

THE REGATTA.

The first race was between the six-oared crews composed of the following: *Minnehaha* "Reds"—Arthur Leonard, Stroke and Captain; S. Campbell, No. 5; L. Kehoe, No. 4; H. Jewett, No. 3; F. Kelly, No. 2; P. Wagoner, Bow; B. Hughes, Coxswain; *Evangeline* "Blues"—O. Jackson, Stroke; L. Chute, No. 5; William Patterson, No. 4; Fred Jewett, No. 3 and Captain; R. Brønson, No. 2; W. Meagher, Bow; Robert Newton, Coxswain. The latter crew had done such good work during

their practice that it was a foregone conclusion they would win the anchors, and so it proved. The start was made from the east end of the lake at 11.13, Rev. Father Regan, President of the Boat Club, acting as starter. The "Blues" caught water with the word, and at once took the lead, followed closely by the "Reds" up to the turn. The *Evangeline* made the turn first, and started down the home stretch with good speed, the *Minnehaha* losing ground at every stroke. The "Blues" pulled to the end, and passed the buoys in 3.30 with the "Reds" somewhere off in the distance.

When the six-oared crews had retired, the four-oared crews brought out their gigs, being greeted with applause as they appeared. The oarsmen in the *Montmorency* were clad in old gold and black, while those of the *Yosemite* wore old gold and red. The *personnel* of the crews was as follows: *Montmorency*—E. Sawkins, Stroke; J. L. Hepburn, No. 3; F. Springer, No. 2; and Captain E. Prudhomme, Bow; J. Kelly, Coxswain; *Yosemite*—L. Meagher, Stroke and Captain; T. Coady, No. 3; F. McErlain, No. 2; P. V.D. Brownson, Bow; J. V. O'Donnell, Coxswain. This race was far more exciting than its predecessor, and was watched with interest by all.

At 11.32 precisely, Father Regan gave the word "go!" and both crews got a good start. The contest to the turning buoys was close, neither crew being able to secure much advantage of the other. However, O'Donnell brought his crew into the turn first, and, turning quickly, came out several strokes ahead of the *Yosemite*, which met with some hard luck getting around the buoys. The relative position of the boats down the lake was unchanged, though the boys in old gold and red pulled in better form and worked better together and crossed the winning buoy some two boat-lengths ahead of their opponents who were struggling hard to win. The boys brought in their boats, and the two winning crews gathered in front of the new Lemonnier boat house, where fair hands decorated manly breasts with the high-prized silver anchor, symbolical of victory and success; while the disappointed ones condoled with one another in the club's reception room on the second floor of the new building.

After the regatta, adjournment was made to the different refectories where an elaborate *menu* was served. Very Rev. Father General Sorin presided in the Senior refectory, and at the close of the banquet took occasion again to thank those who were contributing so much to the happiness and enjoyment of his feast-day.

Field Sports on Founder's Day.

SENIORS.

At 2 o'clock, Saturday afternoon, there was a large number of visitors on the Senior campus waiting for the field sports to begin. Soon the men of muscle appeared, clad in athletic attire, calculated to lend freedom to their movements and charm to their appearance. Those who were not athletes looked envious. The fun began when Fehr stepped to the front and threw the weight against the backstop—nearly breaking down that innocent obstacle—frightening competitors, and exciting glances of admiration. The backstop was propped up, and the sports went on. The various contests resulted as follows:

Throwing Weight:—F. Fehr, 1st Prize, Silver Medal (distance 36 feet, 3 in.); H. Jewett, 2d; E. P. Melady, 3d.

High Jump:—H. Jewett, 1st Prize, Silver Medal (5 feet, 8 in.)

One Hundred Yards Dash:—H. Jewett, 1st Prize, Gold Medal (time, 10½ sec.); E. Prudhomme, 2d Prize, Silver Medal; D. Sullivan, 3d.

2d One Hundred Yards Dash:—H. Woods, 1st Prize, Gold Medal (time, 11¼ sec.); Robinson, 2d Prize, Silver Medal; J. E. Cusack, 3d.

3d One Hundred Yards Dash:—R. Bronson, 1st Prize, Gold Medal (time, 12¼ sec.); J. Cooney, 2d Prize, Silver Medal; Giblin, 3d.

Three-Legged Race:—H. Jewett and S. Campbell, 1st; Rourke and Toner, 2d; D. Tewksbury and J. Cusack, 3d.

Sack Race:—K. Newton, 1st Prize, Silver Medal; Rourke, 2d; J. Cooney, 3d.

Mile Race:—F. McErlain and E. Zeitler tied for first Prize, Gold Medal (time, 5 min., 34¾ sec.); Lesner came in next.

Kicking Football (Drop Kick):—D. Cartier, 1st, (distance, 137 feet, 3 in.); J. E. Cusack, 2d; E. Prudhomme, 3d.

Throwing Ball:—F. Springer, 1st Prize, Silver Medal (distance, 318 feet, 10 in.); B. Inks, 2d; H. Jewett, 3d.

High Kick:—Bretz, 1st Prize, Silver Medal (8 feet, 9 in.); Hackett, 2d; B. Inks, 3d.

Tug of War Between Rugby Teams:—Won by E. Sawkins' eleven.

Standing Jump:—L. Hackett, 1st Prize, Silver Medal (11 feet); B. Inks, 2d; F. Mattes, 3d.

Running Jump:—H. Jewett, 1st Prize, Silver Medal (19 feet, 7 in.); B. Inks, 2d; H. Woods, 3d.

Hop, Skip and Jump:—H. Jewett, 1st Prize, Silver Medal (38 feet, 3½ in.); B. Inks, 2d.

Consolation Race:—E. Brannick, 1st Prize, Silver Medal (time not taken); P. Coady, 2d; J. McAllister, 3d.

Entries were as follows: Throwing weight, 5; high jump, 1; 1st 100 yards dash, 3; 2d 100 yards dash, 8; 3d 100 yards dash, 10; three-legged

race, 10; sack race, 8; mile race, 10; drop kick, 11; throwing baseball, 9; high kick, 3; standing jump, 7; consolation race, 49; running jump, 5; hop, skip and jump, 11. Judges and assistants were rewarded with thanks. No medals or plush albums.

Bro. Marcellinus acted as referee; Bro. Paul, as starter; Messrs. E. Coady and P. Brownson, as judges; R. C. Newton, as scorer; F. Nester, as marker, and F. Smith as time-keeper. Bro. Paul had general charge of the sports, and he is to be congratulated on the success of the day as the boys-all worked hard and did well.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

The Field Sports of the little "Princes" always form a most interesting and attractive feature of the exercises on Founder's Day. The present occasion proved no exception to the rule, and the prizes were numerous and varied. The contests were as follows:

First Running Race:—L. Minor, 1st; J. Seerey, 2d.

Second Running Race:—E. Fanning, 1st; J. Dungan and L. Stone, 2d.

Third Running Race:—D. Livingston, 1st; E. Falvey, 2d.

Fourth Running Race:—J. Maternes, 1st; G. Evers, 2d.

Fifth Running Race:—W. Crandall, 1st; H. Londoner, 2d.

First Hurdle-Race:—E. Lansing, 1st; Fred Toolen, 2d.

Second Hurdle-Race:—H. Johns, 1st; E. Dorsey, 2d.

Third Hurdle-Race:—C. McDonnell, 1st; A. Green, 2d.

Fourth Hurdle-Race:—D. Ricksecker, 1st; A. Marre, 2d.

First Three-Legged Race:—J. Kane and J. Dempsey, 1st; J. Cudahy and J. Barbour, 2d.

Second Three-Legged Race:—H. Plautz, W. Hamilton, 1st; J. Hagus and W. Foster, 2d.

Third Three-Legged Race:—C. McPhee and G. Meyer, 1st; S. Witkowski and W. Nichols, 2d.

First Sack Race:—S. Brewel, 1st; R. Webb, 2d.

Second Sack Race:—C. Finnerty, 1st; Richard Hinds, 2d.

Third Sack Race:—R. Kirk, 1st; I. Gregg, 2d.

Fourth Sack Race:—S. Blake, 1st; A. Crawford, 2d.

Fifth Sack Race:—E. McDonnell, 1st; W. Duquesne, 2d.

First Consolation Race:—F. McDonnell, 1st; F. Dunn, 2d.

Second Consolation Race:—Clarence Kaye, 1st; B. Bates, 2d.

Third Consolation Race:—E. Bryan, 1st; W. Crawford, 2d.

Fourth Consolation Race:—F. Cornell, 1st; T. Burns, 2d.

Personal.

—Mr. Frank Ashton, of Rockford, Ill., who was our champion bicyclist in days of yore, was one of the St. Edward's Day visitors.

—Mrs. Maurice F. Egan, the accomplished wife of our esteemed Professor of English Literature, lately arrived from New York, and has been spending a few days at Notre Dame.

—Among the welcome visitors in attendance upon the celebration of St. Edward's Day were Mrs. Goebel, and Miss C. Baltes, of Fort Wayne, Ind., who were visiting Master E. Baltes of the Junior department.

—Among present welcome guests is Mr. John A. McMaster, the only son of the late James A. McMaster, of the *New York Freeman's Journal*. The young gentleman intends to engage in business in the far West.

—We have learned with regret the sad news of the death of Mr. Charles Girsch, who departed this life on the 16th inst. at his residence in Chicago. The deceased was the father of Master John Girsch, of the Junior department of the University, who has the heartfelt sympathy of his professors and fellow-students in the great affliction that has befallen him.

—Vincente M. Baca, '78, of Belen, N. M., has been appointed by President Cleveland United States Consul at Piedras Negras, Mexico. The nomination has been confirmed by the Senate, and Mr. Baca has left for his post of duty. His many friends here are pleased to hear of the honor conferred upon him by this appointment, and feel assured that he will fulfil the duties of his position with ability and credit to his *Alma Mater* and the country.

—The Rev. Canon Knowles, D. D., of St. Clement's Episcopal Church, Chicago, was a welcome visitor to Notre Dame last week. He spent two days at the University and attended the exercises in connection with the celebration of Founder's Day. Dr. Knowles expressed himself highly pleased with his visit, and agreeably surprised with the great facilities for imparting a thorough education which the University possesses. He made many friends during his stay through his genial disposition and varied mental endowments.

—We are all glad to see Professor A. J. Stace once more amongst us. He returned on Tuesday last from Chicago, where for some weeks he had been under medical treatment. Though not as yet fully recovered from his recent very severe illness, he is greatly improved, and we confidently hope that ere long the old-time vigor and health will be restored to him. This is the earnest wish of the numerous friends of Prof. Stace, everywhere, and particularly his friends at Notre Dame, where for many years he has labored with an efficiency and devotedness above price for the furtherance of the best interests of the University and the students.

Local Items.

—Founder's Day.

—The Orchestra did well.

—There was music in the air.

—Only a few more days before election.

—There is quite a boom in *primordial-schlauch*.

—"I have not sanctioned it"! "nor I, nor I, nor I."

—The Minims have a handsome baseball pennant.

—The steam pipes were fitted in Sorin Hall this week.

—Melady's football team was victorious by a large majority on the 14th.

—The electric wires for the new building have been laid under ground from the dynamo room.

—The Rev. President of the University has removed his office to the second floor of the main building.

—The Boat Club has purchased two new pleasure boats. The club now has four racing boats and eight pleasure crafts.

—The second and third prizes, not included in the list of awards given St. Edward's Day, include gold pens, plush albums, etc.

—Mr. J. C. Larkin, an old student, of Pottsville, Pa., has the thanks of the boys for a handsome donation for the St. Edward's Day sports.

—The Junior reading room has recently been embellished with quite a number of fine art decorations, through the kindness of Bro. Lawrence.

—The losers in the four-oared race lost some practice, owing to an accident to their boat which was not repaired until a few days before the race.

—Applications for quarters in Sorin Hall continue to come in, and the hall will be filled when opened. Wings will probably have to be added next spring.

—The new dynamo, which will furnish the incandescent light for the new collegiate building arrived Tuesday. It will be placed in the main dynamo room.

—Inclemency of the weather during the past few weeks sadly interfered with the practice of the crews. Otherwise the races would have been more exciting.

—The Orchestra labored under some difficulty last Friday, as the pieces played were rehearsed but once. It will, however, greatly improve under the able direction of Prof. Liscombe.

—The participants in the field sports return thanks to Mr. Moses Livingston, Messrs. Adler Bros., Mr. Gish, and Mr. Henry Heller, of South Bend, each of whom generously donated a gold medal for St. Edward's Day.

—St. Edward's Hall was elegantly decorated on the 13th. The building was illuminated on the nights of the 12th and 13th. The new steps

and artistic porches were up just in time for the feast, and were also brilliantly illuminated.

—From present prospects, the dome will surely be opened next spring. We have been carefully opening it each year for some time past, but feel assured that we shall finally accomplish the feat during this scholastic year.

—Mrs. Clement Studebaker sent some choice cut flowers to decorate the high altar and the statue of St. Edward on the 13th. The amiable lady never fails, when an occasion presents itself, to manifest her esteem for the Founder of Notre Dame.

—There are some students who seem to take a great deal of interest in the progress made at Sorin Hall. They are seen wandering around the building nearly every day, and we have often wondered what the cause of it could be. Does anyone know?

—Through Rev. Father Zahm, the Director of the Historical Department has received a document signed by the Duke of Wellington. The document bears testimony to the fact that Geo. Thomas West was commissioned a Lieutenant in the British Army.

—Captains Sawkins and Melady have chosen their football teams as follows: Sawkins—E. Prudhomme, J. Mattes, J. Cusack, L. Meagher, W. Lahey, S. Campbell, D. Cartier, W. Cartier, E. O'Brien, and J. Cooney; Melady—F. Fehr, H. Jewett, F. Springer, J. Hepburn, E. Coady, T. Coady, B. Inks, A. Larkin, J. McCarthy and P. Brownson.

—Large cables connecting the electric lights in Sorin Hall with the dynamo room were laid this week under the direction of Prof. O'Dea. The Professor has shown that he is an expert electrician by the manner in which he has wired the new building. He is rapidly becoming widely and favorably known among the practical electricians of the country.

—The first case before the Moot-court came off on Saturday last. Messrs. Pollock and Chacon appeared for John Ireland & Son, the plaintiffs, and J. C. McWilliams and D. Brewer for the defendants—Messrs. Plainer and Polling. Notwithstanding the heavy arguments of the plaintiffs' counsel, a verdict according to the "law of juries" was rendered for the defendants.

—There was a musical *soirée* in the large parlor Saturday evening. Those who took part in the exercises were Messrs. Greenman and Smith, the University Quartette, Prof. Liscombe and Miss Genevieve McMahon, of Chicago. The music was excellent, and greatly enjoyed by all present. We hope this will prove the prelude to a series of musical *soirées* to be given during the winter season.

—At the last meeting of the Senior Archconfraternity, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Rev. A. Granger, C. S. C., Spiritual Director; Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., Honorary Director; Rev. N. J. Stoffel, C. S. C.,

Director; John B. Meagher, President; T. A. Goebel, 1st Vice-President; P. E. Burke, 2d Vice-President; Eugene P. Melady, Secretary; E. C. Prudhomme, Treasurer.

—Before another month there will be nearly 900 lights in the different University buildings. Notre Dame has now quite an electric-light plant. There are no less than seven dynamos for the incandescent and arc lights with which the buildings and premises are lighted up, and for supplying current for experimental purposes in Science Hall.

—The people of St. Joseph's Congregation, Mishawaka, under the direction of their zealous pastor, the Very Rev. Dean Oechtering, will engage in the pious exercises of a pilgrimage to Notre Dame on to-morrow (Sunday). On the arrival of the pilgrimage solemn High Mass will be celebrated in the college church by Rev. N. J. Stoffel, C. S. C., and the sermon will be preached by Father Oechtering.

—Mr. John A. McMaster, who is now visiting the University, has placed in the Bishops' Memorial Hall, Notre Dame, Ind., all the books and pamphlets owned by his illustrious father, the late James A. McMaster, Editor of the *Freeman's Journal*. These, together with the veteran editor's private correspondence, favorite pictures and several precious souvenirs, will be placed in an alcove of the Bishops' Memorial Hall, and arranged with a view of perpetuating the memory of one who labored so nobly and so well for the Catholic cause. Among the relics is the life-size bust of Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes which Mr. McMaster always kept on his desk. When wielding his trenchant pen in defence of the Church he used to look for inspiration to this representation of the great Archbishop who did more than any other man to give prestige to the Church in this country. A marble slab, bearing a record of the principal events in the life of Mr. McMaster, and a life-size painting of this great champion of religion, will be placed with the books and relics.

—The Director of the Bishops' Memorial Hall returns grateful thanks to Rt. Rev. Monsignor Seton for the addresses delivered in Italian, French, Latin and English before His Holiness, Pope Pius IX, on the occasion of the inauguration of the American College, at Rome, in 1859. The addresses are bound in red and gold. On the inside of the cover are many notes by Mgr. Seton, and from them we learn that he himself spoke the French verses dedicated to his Holiness. Monsignor Bedini went about the corridors, the day before the ceremony, putting up the prints on the walls. Cardinal Barnabo gave an excellent discourse from the altar the day of the inauguration. Bishop Bacon, of Portland, Maine, spoke with much warmth and earnestness, and pronounced French well. The Holy Father said low Mass, which Bishop Bacon and Bishop Goss, of Liverpool, served. Among the guests in the throne room were Minister Stock-

ton and Gen. Cte. de Gogon, Commander of the French troops in Rome. The notes also bear testimony to the affability displayed on the occasion by Rt. Rev. Monsignor Hohenlohe, who was then one of the private chamberlains to his Holiness Pius IX.

—During Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane's stay at Notre Dame, he visited St. Edward's Hall, and was very much impressed with the neat appearance and bright, intelligent faces of the Minims. On entering the Hall, he exclaimed: "Oh, what a lovely lot of boys, and all so happy looking! I have never seen together such a fine lot of little boys." And he added: "Now I know why Father General has said so much to me about you. I am not surprised that he loves you so much, that he calls you the princes of Notre Dame. I am sure I would love you myself if I were among you. Now, you must work hard to keep up your high standing, and to deserve the esteem and affection in which you are held. Be good boys now, and you will grow up to be good men—men of whom Notre Dame will be proud. Be candid and upright; study hard, and make the best use of the talents that Almighty God has given you. Employ well all the rare advantages that Notre Dame affords, so as to fit yourselves for the position that He intends you to fill. Never forget that, in creating you, He also allotted you a certain work that He wished you to do. Bear this in mind, and in the course of years should I meet one of the famous Notre Dame Minims, and ask him 'what are you doing?' he would be able to answer, no matter what his vocation may be, 'I am doing the will of God.'" These are some of the beautiful words spoken by the distinguished prelate, and the Minims cannot fail to be benefited by them.

Roll of Honor.

[The following list includes the names of those students whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Amador, Adams, Alvarez, Brelsford, Bronson, Bunker, Bombeck, Bretz, J. Burns, Burger, Blessington, Bruggemann, Brewer, H. Brannick, Barrett, Burke, Akin, Beckman, Conway, Crabb, Cassidy, Crooker, Cooney, S. Campbell, Chacon, G. Cooke, Jno. Cusack, Jos. Cusack, Cavanagh, Carney, T. Coady, P. Coady, E. Coady, Chute, W. Campbell, Draper, Dacy, Dore, Delaney, Darragh, Dougherty, Finckh, Fehr, Freeman, Foster, J. Fleming, R. Fleming, Grange, Göke, Goebel, Garfias, Gallagher, Gallardo, F. Galen, J. Galen, Healy, Hermann, M. Howard, Hempler, Hill, Higgins, Hummer, E. Howard, F. Jewett, Jennings, J. Kelly, Karasynski, Kinsella, Kimball, Kerwin, Knight, Larpenter, Lane, Lesner, Lozana, F. Long, L. Long, G. Long, E. Larkin, W. Larkin, Kenny, Kohlmann, McNally, Murphy, H. McAllister, Maloney, Morton, Mackey, T. McCarthy, Mattes, McAuliff, McKeon, McGinnty, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, J. Meagher, McLeod, Mithen, Newton, Nations, Andrew Nicholl, O'Donnell, O'Flaherty, E. O'Brien, W. O'Brien, O'Shea, Papin, Paquette, Prudhomme, Pollock, Robinson, Reynold, Rorke, Roberts, Richardson, Rothert, Stewart, Schmitz, R. Sullivan, Stanfield, Steiger, J. Sullivan, Scholfield, Stephenson, H. Smith, T. Smith, Toner, Tiernan, Twohig, Woods, Wise, Wade, Wagoner,

Waixel, Webb, Watson, F. Youngermann, C. Youngermann, Younker, Zeitler, Zeller, O'Connor, Knoblauch.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, J. Allen, W. Allen, Ayer, Adams, Aarons, Berry, Bombeck, Bates, Beaudry, Brady, Blumenthal, Boyd, Baily, Bradley, Baltes, Bearinger, Bronson, Brown, Bryan, T. Cleary, S. Cleary, Cunningham, Crandall, J. Connors, E. Connors, Chacon, A. Campbell, Collins, Cauthorn, Clendenin, Chute, N. Davis, Des Garennes, E. Du Brul, O. Du Brul, Dunn, W. Devine, A. Devine, Dempsey, Daniels, Duffield, Dunning, Denkel, Ernest, Erwin, Elder, Flannigan, T. Falvey, F. Falvey, P. Fleming, S. Fleming, C. Fleming, Frei, Fitzgerald, Foley, Green, Galland, R. Healy, P. Healy, Heller, Howard, Hoerr, Halthusen, Hughes, Hannin, Hanrahan, Hague, Houlihan, Heintzen, Heard, Hennéssy, Hartman, Ibold, Irwin, Johnson, Krembs, W. Kutsche, Kellner, Kearns, G. Lamón, J. Lenhoff, Louisell, J. Mahon, W. Maher, Monarch, Mainzer, Malone, Mayer, Morrison, J. Mooney, C. Mooney, Merz, McDonnell, McPhee, McCarthy, J. McIntosh, L. McIntosh, McIvers, McMahan, McGrath, McDonough, McCartney, F. Neef, A. Neef, Nockels, Nester, O'Neill, G. O'Brian, O'Mara, O'Donnell, Peters, Populorum, Pecheux, Prichard, F. Peck, J. Peck, Palmer, Paquette, Powers, Quinlan, A. Roth, E. Roth, I. Rose, S. Rose, Reinhard, Riedinger, Rowsey, Ramsey, C. Schillo, Sheehan, Schultze, F. Schillo, Stanton, Sullivan, Sutter, Spalding, Shear, C. Scherrer, L. Scherrer, Smith, Silver, Talbot, Toolen, Wright, Walsh, Welch, Weitzel, Wile, Williamson, Wood, Willien, Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bates, Blake, Barbour, Ball, Bruel, Burns, Bearinger, E. Bryan, Connolly, Cornell, W. Creedon, F. Creedon, A. Crawford, C. Connor, W. Connor, Crandall, Downing, Durand, Du Quesne, Dunn, Jas. Dungan, Dorsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, M. Elkin, E. Elkin, G. Evers, F. Evers, G. Franche, Finnerty, Falvey, Foster, Fanning, Grant, Greene, Goodwillie, Gregg, Goodman, Hendry, Hagus, Hedenbergh, Haddican, Jonquet, Johns, Kane, Kroolman, Kirk, Keeler, Kaye, Kehoe, Lansing, Levi, Livingston, Londoner, Lonergan, J. Marre, A. Marre, Maternes, Marx, Minor, McPhee, Matas, C. McDonnell, F. McDonell, McDonald, McGuire, Mooney, Montague, Mayer, McCarthy, Nichols, Neenan, O'Neill, Parker, Pierce, L. Paul, C. Paul, Ricksecker, Roberts, Rea, Seidensticker, Stone, Stephens, Steineman, Toolen, Trujillo, Thornton, Witkowskey, F. Webb, R. Webb, Wever, Washburne, Wilcox, Wilson.

Class Honors.

[In the following list may be found the names of those students who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

A. Ahlrichs, C. Dacy, J. Cusack, E. Stephenson, H. McAllister, H. Crabb, F. Schillo, E. Maurus, J. Talbot, I. Rosé, Jno. McIntosh, J. Mooney, L. Dunning.

List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the courses named—according to the competitions which are held monthly.]

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Book-Keeping—C. Dacy, S. Fleming, H. McAllister, E. Maurus, H. Crabb; *Arithmetic*—E. Maurus, C. Fitzgerald, G. Weitzel, H. Woods, C. Dacy; *Grammar*—E. Maurus, M. Quinlan, G. Weitzel, W. O'Neill, L. Monarch, C. Dacy, R. Fleming, F. Henderson, J. Kelly, W. Lahey, A. G. Nicholl, P. Hempler, J. Richardson, J. Hepburn; *Geography*—J. Crooker, H. Crabb, C. Dacy; *History*—C. Dacy, K. Newton, J. Hepburn, W. Fisk; *Penmanship*—L. Hoerr, J. McCartney, A. Daniels, G. McAllister, W. Allen, F. Jennings.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—A late sleep on Monday was a much appreciated treat.

—Warm thanks are due Miss Sophie Papin for favors received.

—Miss L. Carney, Class of '86, Marinette, Wis., was a welcome visitor on the 13th.

—Macaulay's essay on Lord Clive has been engaging the attention of the members composing St. Teresa's Literary Society,

—Rev. Father Hudson delivered a fine sermon on Sunday last; his subject was "The devotion of Catholics to the Blessed Virgin."

—The elocution pupils were never more enthusiastic than at present. The class is large, and earnestness of purpose promises success.

—The lovely fall weather invites all to long rambles, and it is with many sighs that the bell is obeyed when it summons all from recreation to the study-hall.

—Misses Clarke and Piper were the captains at the last competition held by the 3d Seniors. The contest was in Rhetoric, and both sides showed much interest.

—The art pupils celebrated St. Luke's day on the vigil of the feast, for two reasons: first, because Wednesday was a recreation day, and secondly, because the day was so delightful a one on which to take a walk. A visit to the University was a rare treat, and, as the merry party started on their way, many were the regrets expressed by those who were not "artists." On their return an appetizing lunch was served, to which, it is needless to say, full justice was paid.

—Among the visitors of the past week were: Mrs. J. E. Hull, Binghamton, N. Y.; P. H. Linneen, Lockport, N. Y.; Mrs. H. Schoellkopf, G. Thayer, Mrs. H. Huber, Mrs. A. J. Kaspar, Mrs. D. McGuire, Mrs. F. S. Wright, J. A. Canepa, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Cooke, Mrs. C. S. Cooke, Mrs. P. Cavanagh, Mrs. W. P. Nelson, Chicago; T. Donnelly, Michigan City, Ind.; Mrs. S. Harriman, Anderson, Ind.; Mrs. M. Hackett, Watertown, Wis.; Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Crabb, Clunette, Ind.; Mrs. S. Cohn, Mrs. L. Cohn, Muscatine, Iowa; Mrs. A. E. Cartier, Ludington, Mich.; M. E. Franklin, Deadwood, Dakota.

—The second lecture by Prof. M. F. Egan, was delivered on Tuesday evening, and was more interesting even than the first. Aubrey de Vere was the writer chosen; as the lecture appears in full in the SCHOLASTIC, nothing need be said of its merits. However, a remark made by the lecturer, aside from his subject, was so suggestive that it is worthy of mention. Prof. Egan reminded his hearers that they were now fitting themselves to be leaders, not followers; in the circle in which they are to move through life, and that it was therefore a necessity for

them to be able to judge for themselves as regards the merits and defects of writers. He also advocated a high standard of taste in the selection of reading-matter, which young ladies would do well to remember.

Founder's Day.

St. Edward's Day was, as usual, a day of great festivities at St. Mary's, and though sunshine was not to be found outside, there was no lack of it in the house. The spiritual offerings were first made, and all the Catholic pupils honored the Saint by receiving Holy Communion. At 7:30 High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Zahm, after which recreation was the order of the day. At 3 p. m. all repaired to the study-hall, which was decorated with the many-tinted autumn leaves which grace St. Mary's. The statue of St. Edward and a picture of his client, Very Rev. Father General, were decked with flowers and smilax, the gift of Miss Kathleen Gavan. At half-past three, he in whose honor the entertainment was given, entered, accompanied by Very Rev. Fathers Granger, Corby, and Walsh; Rev. Fathers French, Morrissey, Zahm, and Saulnier, Canon Knowles of Chicago, Professor and Mrs. M. F. Egan, Dr. and Mrs. Berteling, Professors Paul and Ewing of Notre Dame. A magnificent floral piece, the offering of the pupils, and a collection of choice roses, the gift of Miss M. Rend, filled the room with fragrance. The programme was as follows:

Entrance March.....*Heinrich Hoffman*
Misses Riedinger and Van Horn.

Festival Chorus.....*Oesten*
Vocal Class—Accompanied by Miss Rend.

Affection's Tribute.....*Miss Rend*
Vocal Solo—"Scene et Rondo".....*Venzano*
Miss Guise.

Compliment Français.....*Miss Van Horn*
Valse.....*Chopin*
Miss Dority.

Festgruss.....*Miss Bub*
Impromptu.....*Wallace*

Miss Van Horn.

Minims' Greeting.

BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

IN TWO SCENES.

Dramatis Personæ.

Justice.....	L. McNamara
Christian Doctrine.....	L. Meehan
Primer.....	L. Reeves
Geography.....	L. Nester
Reading.....	N. Morse
Spelling.....	S. Crane
Grammar.....	L. Dolan
Penmanship.....	B. Bloom
Rhetoric.....	B. Arnold
Chemistry and Philosophy.....	T. Balch
History.....	F. Hertzog
Literature.....	J. Bloom
Logic.....	A. Donnelly
Mathematics.....	J. Currier
Botany.....	K. Gavan

Astronomy.....	Maud Clifford
Geology.....	E. Coll
Elocution.....	L. Van Horn
Attendant.....	M. Geer

SCENE I—THE DISPUTE.

Vocal Trio—"Sancta Maria".....*Owen*
Misses Gavan, Guise, and Moran.

SCENE II—THE CONVENTION.

Vocal Solo—"The Last Hours of Joan of Arc," *Bordese*
Miss Gavan—Accompanied by Miss Guise.
"At the Spring".....*Joseffy*
Miss Guise.

TABLEAU—THE CROWNING.

Chorus—"Alpine Echo".....*Emerson*
Vocal Class.

Fest March.....*Hoffman*
Misses O'Brien and Horner.

The music, both instrumental and vocal, gave evidence that the musical department goes steadily onward; the variety of style and refined rendition satisfied the criticism of musicians, gave pleasure to cherished friends and honored guests, and succeeded in accomplishing the pupils' aim namely, to delight the beloved Founder of the Institution, whose blessing and smile were their hoped-for reward.

The play was well presented and was voted a success. The English address was read in a very pleasing manner, and the French and German greetings were, as usual, well rendered. The Minims were represented by little M. L. McHugh, S. Smyth, A. Papin and Maggie McHugh, and received hearty applause. At the close of the entertainment, Very Rev. Father General thanked the young ladies and expressed his pleasure at their efforts. Rev. Father Walsh also complimented the pupils on their success; he then introduced Very Rev. Canon Knowles who, in a few words, told how much pleasure he had derived from his visit to Notre Dame and St. Mary's, and warned the Rev. President of the University that he would have to exercise strenuous efforts if he hoped to have the college students equal the young ladies of St. Mary's in any particular.

It was with regret that rejoicings gave way at the sound of the retiring bell, and in each one's heart was a prayer that God might spare for long years to come Very Rev. Father General, St. Edward's devoted client and St. Mary's venerated Founder.

Roll of Honor.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct deportment, and exact observance of rules.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Arnold, Ansbach, Anson, Ash, Andree, E. Balch, Bub, Barry, Bates, T. Balch, Burton, Bloom, Beschameng, Bogner, Butler, Brewer, Barron, Bush, M. Beck, C. Beck, M. B. Clifford, Coll, Campeau, Cleaveland, Currier, Caren, Compagne, Clarke, M. Clifford, Coll, Cohn, Clöre,

Connell, Crabbe, Canepa, Donnelly, Ducey, M. Davis, Dempsey, Dority, D. Davis, Dorsey, N. Davis, Daube, M. De Montcourt, I. De Montcourt, English, Flannery, Fitzpatrick, Fursman, Fox, Flitner, Gavan, Guise, Griffith, Geer, Grace, M. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gordon, Hertzog, Hammond, Harlen, M. Horner, I. Horner, Hurff, Healy, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hillas, Hughes, Hamilton, Hepburn, Hagus, Harmes, Hutchinson, Huber, Haight, Haney, Hellmann, Hariman, Irwin, Johnson, Jungblut, Kingsbury, C. Keeney, A. Keeney, Koepplinger, Koopman, Lawrence, Linneen, Ledwith, Lewis, Meehan, McNamara, Moran, N. Morse, Moore, Marley, Miner, C. Morse, McCarthy, Mercer, McCune, H. Nester, L. Nester, Nacey, Nelson, Norton, Nicholas, O'Brien, Prudhomme, Papin, Piper, Paul, Penburthy, Quill, Quealey, Reidinger, Rend, Robinson, Regan, Roberts, Rentfrow, M. Smith, Slesinger, Spurgeon, Schrock, Studebaker, Simpson, Saviers, B. Smith, Schiltz, Taylor, Thayer, Van Horn, Van Mourick, Van Riper, M. Voechting, B. Voechting, Wagner, Wright, Webb, Wehr, Waterbury, Waixel, Wilkinson, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Barry, Bloom, E. Burns, M. Burns, Burdick, Burchard, Campbell, Churchill, A. Cooper, E. Cooper, Cooke, Crane, Daly, Davis, Dexter, Dreyer, Dempsey, Dolan, Ernest, Farwell, Göke, Griffith, Hansford, Hull, Johns, Kahn, Kaspar, Kloth, Kelso, Lauth, Marks, McHugh, Miller, McPhee, McGuire, Northam, O'Mara, Papin, Patrick, Pugsley, Patier, Quealey, Reeves, Regan, Rose, Rowley, Rinehart, M. Smyth, J. Smyth, Scherrer, Sweeney, M. Schoellkopf, I. Schoellkopf, Stapleton, Thirids, A. Wurzburg, N. Wurzburg.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ayer, Burns, Crandell, Davis, Kelly, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, Moore, Papin, Palmer, S. Smyth, N. Smyth, Scherrer.

Class Honors.

PHONOGRAPHY.

1ST CLASS—Miss L. Ducey.
2D CLASS—Misses K. Hurley, M. Beck, B. Hepburn, F. Waterbury.
3D CLASS—Misses M. Davis, J. Robinson, A. Donnelly, C. Miner, E. Harlen, A. Barron, N. Paul, H. Irwin, J. Bogner, L. Taylor.

TYPE-WRITING.

Misses L. Ducey, N. Paul, M. Beck, M. Coll, C. Beck, L. Taylor.

GERMAN.

1ST CLASS—Misses I. Bub, A. Beschameng, M. Voechting, B. Voechting.
2D CLASS—Misses Moore, Lauth, Wehr, Piper, Burton, Slesinger.
3D CLASS—Misses Davis, Kahn, K. Hurley, C. Hurley, Morse, Quealey, Keeney, Nacey.
4TH CLASS—Misses M. Schoellkopf, Haney, Healy, Harmes, Daube, Dreyer, Kloth, Kaspar, Andree.
5TH CLASS—Misses Ansbach, Churchill, Northam, Miner, Currier, Grace, Spurgeon, Ledwith, Van Riper, Ernest, Irwin.
2D DIVISION—Misses Griffith, M. Davis, B. Davis, Hagus, L. McHugh, Göke.

FRENCH.

2D CLASS—Misses L. Van Horn, A. Beschameng, F. Marley, K. Gavan, S. Campeau.
3D CLASS; 1ST DIV.—Misses M. Burton, T. Balch, C. Prudhomme, K. Morse, M. Papin, L. Compagne, B. Arnold, B. Hellmann, H. Studebaker, M. De Montcourt.
2D DIV.—Misses B. Hepburn, Kingsbury, L. Nester, F. Waterbury, J. Cleaveland, B. Wagner, M. Rinehart, B. Smith, I. De Montcourt.
4TH CLASS, 1ST DIV.—Misses J. Bloom, D. Davis, L. Healey, N. Gibson, M. Hurff, N. Davis, I. Horner, G. Roberts, B. Bloom, M. Gibson, A. Wurzburg, N. Wurzburg, H. Pugsley, B. Webb, S. Hamilton.
2D DIV.—Misses M. Jungblut, M. Thayer, M. Ash, L. Hutchinson, M. Coll, A. Penburthy.
5TH CLASS—Misses A. Papin, L. Ayer, S. Scherrer.